

History of Charles Burrell Kendrick

Charles Burrell Kendrick was the son of Kenyon Brewington Kendrick and Rebecca Ann Ellafair McVickers. He was born at Baird, Callahan County, Texas on the 20 November, 1884. His father was a well driller by trade and therefore they did not always live at the same place. They were the parents of eleven children, four boys and seven girls. Their names according to age were as follows: Andrew, Florence, Cora, Zada, Orlando (who died in infancy) then Burrell, Zora, Dora, Milton (who also died while young) then Bessie and Edna. The things I write have either been told me by Burrell or other members of the family. I will try to write them as correctly as possible. I feel very incompetent to even try to write his history as I know so little about his life before I met him and I only knew him seven years, but Ellafair, my daughter, who was born 2 ½ months after he was killed, asked me to write it for her and I do feel that she and the others are entitled to know a little something about him. So I will do the best I can.

I do not know much about Burrell's childhood life but I do remember he told me he was born and raised in the drill camps in Texas. His mother must have been a dutiful wife for I have heard her say she followed the drill during the years her older children were born, doing the best that she could. She was a hard-working woman I do know. As this is a history of the life of Burrell and not the Kendrick family I will try to write what I know of him.

His parents belonged to the Methodist Church so naturally the children did also. They were good Christian people, honest and industrious and well thought of. They were taught to say grace at the table and never worked on the Sabbath day. His father felt the boys needed no education as he was training them to be professional drillers, but did see that the girls went to school. Burrell and his brother Andrew were well trained in their profession but Burrell always felt the lack of an education. He was a great hand to read and did read and study a lot of stuff. For that reason the lack of an education was more noticeable to him perhaps than to others. In later years before the younger children were born, having lived all over, his father purchased a large cattle ranch east of Marathon, Texas; also a home in Marathon where his mother and the girls lived during the winters and went to school.

Burrell told me how his mother loved to go to church when she could and always took the children with her. He said when he got old enough to begin to think for himself, along in his teens, that he didn't want to go. He said it all bored him; he couldn't see anything to it. Wasn't that just like a boy. He said it seemed so empty that he just wouldn't go.

There were ten years difference in Burrell's and Andrew's age and being the only two boys they loved each other dearly and Andrew did all in his power to shield Burrell from the many temptations that all young people have to meet. After their father went to ranching Andrew went out for himself and Burrell was on the ranch with his father.

In the year of 1903 or 4, I'm not sure which, Andrew was hired by a large American corporation to drill wells for them in Old Mexico located not too far from our little home town Colonial Diaz. Andrew and the other men working with him had been coming into our little town for weekends, as they didn't work on Sundays. They soon became acquainted with some of our good people and it caused quite a commotion as we had lived so secluded. We were all L.D.S. people and I can assure you that it really caused our parents to be concerned for fear we might get too sociable with them. So far it hadn't bothered me as we had been taught so strongly in our home the danger of association with non-Mormons that we almost felt it a crime to look at one.

One Sunday in the spring of 1905 we noticed a new well driller; a tall, dark, and handsome guy. We soon learned that he was brother to Andrew Kendrick. Needless to say the hearts of all the girls went pit-a-pat when we saw him, even mine, much as I tried not to let it. Andrew and two

other boys had been coming to our church quite regularly so we had the privilege of seeing the new driller there also. We soon learned his name was Burrell. None of us knew whether they were investigating or just coming for the sociability.

Secretly in my heart I admired Burrell the first time I saw him but didn't dare voice the fact to anyone. He was so polite, so different from the others. I couldn't help but notice it. How my heart thumped when I'd meet him on the street and he would touch his hat and say, "Howdy, Miss Abby." The boys in our town were more like brothers to all of us. These boys seemed different. It wasn't long after Burrell came that some of the boys that worked for Andrew went back to the states and Andrew hired local boys to help him and Burrell. All through that year they came to our church when they could. Andrew soon got permission from the Bishop to let them come to the dances. Andrew had been coming to church long enough that they felt he was a good clean fellow and he said he'd vouch for the others. Needless to say, we girls were all very happy. After getting permission to come to the dance my parents felt they couldn't tell us not to dance with them. I noticed that Andrew went with several of the girls but Burrell always came alone. I tried hard when dancing with him not in any way to convey my feelings towards him. I never did care too much for Andrew, but I knew I had fallen in love with Burrell. He treated all the girls swell and there was some that tried real hard to get a date with him.

In February of 1906 I was working for a lady who had a young baby. To my surprise one morning a young man came to the door and handed me a note addressed to Miss Abby and he said he'd call back in a few hours for the answer. It was from Burrell asking me if he could carry me to the Valentine dance the next Friday night. I was heartsick! I wanted to go but knew my parents wouldn't approve and although I was 18 years old I had never disobeyed them. I read it to my friend and I had a good cry. I just couldn't help it. She suggested that I was old enough to know what I wanted to do, but I said no I just couldn't do it. So she helped me fix up a nice reply. I thanked him very graciously and told him I would like to but my parents would be unhappy. Ever since he had come there I had tried to imagine how I'd feel if he asked me and I'd have to say no and now I knew, and it wasn't very good.

That night when I went home I showed the letter to father and mother. After father read it he said, "What did you say?" I'm sorry to say that I replied very curtly, "Just what I had to say." All he said was, "That's right. That's what you should do." At the Valentine dance while he was dancing with me, was I thrilled when he looked down at me and said, "Miss Abby, I hope to get better acquainted with you soon." I timidly replied, "I hope so."

One week from the following Sunday, 25 February, 1906 was I thrilled when father told us after Sunday School that the Kendrick boys were being baptized that afternoon. When I heard it, before I thought, I clapped my hands and said, "Good." Father looked at me and said, "Why so happy about it?" Quickly I realized what I had said and replied, "Aren't we supposed to be happy when someone joins the church?" I can still see the twinkle in his eyes. We soon found out that they had been investigating for over a year, but had told no one except my Uncle David and of course my grandfather Little, a patriarch who had been teaching them. Had I known that, I would have gone with him. I just knew that he would never ask me again! Some other girl would be the lucky one, although he had never gone with anyone else. No one knew how I felt except Ernest and Dora, the people I had been working for. I was glad I hadn't told anyone else.

The following Sunday, 4 March 1906, they were confirmed members of the church. There were also eleven babies blest that day and Dora's was one of them. Ernest and Dora were anxious to get us together so she asked mother, father, and myself to come to dinner and she also invited the two Kendrick brothers to have supper with them after meeting. When we went to eat she sat Burrell and me across the table from each other. The following Tuesday he came to our house and ask me if he could carry me to choir practice. Of course I said yes if pa and ma were willing. They gave their consent and that was the beginning of a sweet and lasting courtship. We hadn't been going together but a few weeks when he told me frankly that I was the only girl he had ever

loved, and the only one he had ever gone with more than once. I was happy and he knew it without me telling him.

Many love tales (as in all sweet courtships) could be written, but one especially I'd like to mention. I was in May, after we had started going together. My Grandmother Little was very ill so Sunday after church we went down to see her. He had learned to love her while he was investigating. I had my white dress and I was wearing a pink rosebud on it. On our way home I casually remarked, "Isn't my rosebud pretty?" He looked at me and to my surprise he said, "Yes it is, but not as pretty as mine." I looked to see where his was and he laughed and said, "You are my rose bud. Yours will fade and die but mine will live forever." I supposed I blushed, I know I felt like it, but I never forgot it.

This is Burrell's history and right now I'd like to tell of his conversion. One of our good brothers had given Andrew a Book of Mormon when he had first come. He had just left it in his suitcase and thought no more about it. Andrew was running the drills and they never worked on Sunday. If they couldn't get into town they usually spent the day reading and playing cards. One Sunday when they were too far away to leave, the rest were playing cards but Burrell loved to read and said he just didn't feel in the mood for cards that morning. He was looking for something to read and came across the Book of Mormon in Andrew's suitcase. He had never seen it before and said his first thought was, "What a peculiar name for a book." So out of curiosity he decided he would see what it was. He started to read it and couldn't stop. After a few hours Andrew came into their tent to see what he was doing. He asked Andrew where it came from. Andrew told him and was really aggravated at him when he wouldn't leave it and join them. Well, he never stopped reading it until about three A.M. Monday morning. He said before he had finished he knew it was true. He had always wondered where the American Indians had come from.

The next morning he told Andrew that he was going to know more about it. The next time he came to town he asked my Uncle David about it. They had become well acquainted with each other and he sent him to his father, my grandfather, as he was a good teacher. It wasn't long before Burrell was ready for baptism. Andrew was also investigating, but wasn't ready so he asked Burrell to wait for him. Well, he waited almost a year then told Andrew that he was waiting no longer. Then Andrew really got busy and they were both baptized the same day. As they had told no one, it was really a surprise.

I shall never forget the day he was confirmed. After Burrell's confirmation he bore a wonderful testimony. Everyone knew he was sincere and his eyes just shone. He became very pat and it was really convincing. He was converted.

When my parent found out we were really serious Father was very concerned. He talked with me concerning his background, said we knew nothing of his people. I told him that I loved Burrell and had since the first time I saw him, and it was the truth. So father decided to write to the Mayor of Marathon, Texas where his folks lived and ask about them.

He never told me he had written but when the answer came he let me read it. The report was good. It said they were good Christians, honest, ambitious, reliable, and respected by all. So father felt that he had done all he could and he had.

Burrell's sister Cora was a widow and she had a little girl about a year old. She came out and the boys took care of them, which was a good recommendation for them.

One of the boys working for them was Ramon Favala, a Mexican native, a real good fellow. His mother was alone so the boys secured room and board for Cora with her. She was a very clean, good woman, even if she was a native. When the boys were in town they stayed there also. She was thought a lot of by everyone and they learned to love her.

After Burrell and I started to go together he had two other sisters who came out for a visit. Zora and Dora were very likeable girls. No doubt their folks were anxious to see what kind of people my people were. The girls were well liked and just how long they stayed I have forgotten but I do remember that Dora stayed longer than Zora and became quite interested in the Church. She even went to Juarez Academy for a while, but her father sent for her to come home. We all felt sure she would have joined the church had she stayed longer, and no doubt her folks felt the same way.

Burrell's work was out of town but sometimes close enough so he could come in perhaps once a week besides the weekend. Andrew was very good to let him come and it was something to look forward to. On holidays they always came in and we'd go horseback riding and have a hayrack ride. In the summer there was corn roasts and watermelon busts and we did have good times.

We started to go together in March and that fall I decided to go to Colonial Juarez to High School. We were going steady but not engaged and I told him that I would rather not be engaged while at school, that way I could be free to go out with other boys so as to be sure. I told him I thought he should go with someone else also while I was gone but he said he didn't need to.

I'll have to relate here when I gave my first kiss. I suppose most of the girls of today wouldn't believe it, but it's the truth just the same. Burrell, like most boys I guess, expected a kiss now and then and he was a puzzled guy when I told him no. I told him that I had been taught a kiss was a sacred thing and was to be given only to the one I was to marry. Well he came to town just before I was to leave to go and then right before I left he begged me about two hours to kiss him goodbye. It's no use to say that I didn't want to for I did but I felt that I shouldn't. He finally won. I made him promise that he wouldn't ask for another until after we were engaged. He promised and, believe it or not, that was my first kiss to any young man I had gone with.

Do you wonder that I wasn't popular with the boys. I don't. It was understood if we felt the same when I came home for Christmas we'd get engaged. I've never forgotten that kiss. About the 1st of October he came to Juarez to Stake Conference. I'll have to admit that I found myself wishing that he hadn't promised not to ask for another kiss, but he didn't. About two weeks after he left I took down with typhoid fever and by the time we got word to father in Diaz and he got there after me I was a very sick girl. I had a temperature of 102 degrees. Just keep in mind our transportation was by team and it took several days for a letter to go. No telephones, no telegraphs, and I assure you that the ride home with my bed in the bottom of the wagon box was no joy ride. But through the prayers of the Elders and loved ones I made a remarkable recovery, of course not forgetting the wisdom and loving care of my parents. Burrell and I became engaged and we planned on going to Salt Lake City the next fall. How happy we were!

At school I was keeping house for my brother Elmer and cousin Otho Johnson. I went back with them after Christmas holidays and kept house for them and took just a few subjects at school.

Another sweet thing Burrell did for me I must mention. When I got home in May from school he informed me he had enough money so suggested we make it a June wedding in Salt Lake. I still didn't feel too good after my illness and I had a lot of sewing to do to get ready. So after talking it over together he agreed with me that our first plans were the best. We decided we'd wait for October Conference and really have a honeymoon.

One evening in early summer we were discussing our plans. He knew Mother and I were really busy sewing and he asked what kind of a dress I was planning on. He knew it was hard to get material. So I unthinkingly said I wanted a Chinese silk but guess I'd forget it and choose some other soft material. Nothing more was said. He knew as well as I did that everything was so expensive and that father had a large family. I knew my parents would get me the best they could and I also knew it would make them feel bad if they knew I wanted silk and they couldn't get it. So I didn't mention it to them at all. Things we got from the States had to have a duty paid on them beside the price, which made them very expensive.

About two weeks later mother was preparing to go to El Paso and she came to me and said that Burrell had insisted on giving her ten dollars to help buy me Chinese silk for my dress. She said she had tried to refuse it but he wouldn't take no for an answer. I had a good cry. I said I wouldn't accept it but she told me to say nothing about it as he didn't want me to know it but she said she knew I had to know. I felt terrible, as I couldn't even thank him until after we were married. I'll never forget the million-dollar twinkle in his eyes when I put my arms around his neck and thanked him. He said he was more than paid seeing me so thrilled and happy. Although the years have passed and him gone so long I never look at our wedding picture in my first silk dress and standing beside my dream boy but I think of that ten dollars that meant so much to me. My silk dress, a temple marriage, and a young man like Burrell. Nothing else mattered.

Our honeymoon was out of this world. I had never been on a long trip. I had been to El Paso just over the border several times but had never been on a nice train nor seen anything. Burrell knew it and was happy because I was so excited. Burrell said he had been saving for it ever since he knew me so he had a nice little sum saved. Such a thing as any other kind of marriage except temple marriage had never been even mentioned. Very few young people in Mexico had the privilege of going to the temple because it was such a long, hard and expensive trip. Only those who had been taught that no sacrifice was too great had the privilege. In those days when a young girl got married, her hair went up and her dresses down. Needless to say, we felt grownup overnight.

Andrew took us to Guzman about 40 miles from Diaz to catch the train. Mother was going as far as El Paso to get the rest of my things such as hat, coat, gloves, shoes, etc. Now don't think we weren't just as happy riding in the covered wagon on our way to catch the train as you of today are riding in a spiffy car. I'd be happy for you if I knew you were as happy as we were. We left home September 24, 1907 and returned December 24, 1907. What a honeymoon! I'll just mention here where we went as all the interesting things that happened are in my detailed life history. We had some honeymoon I'll tell you and it was wonderful to me anyway.

When we arrived in Salt Lake my sister Juniatta met the train. I hadn't seen her for five years as she was attending BYU at Provo. Seven of the couples that came the same time got married before conference but Juniatta wanted us to wait until after conference so she could have a good visit first. So we did and my girl friend, Maude Saunders, waited, too, as we had planned so long to be married the same day.

The day after we were married Burrell and I left for Lorenzo, Idaho, to visit my oldest sister, Heva, and her family. Such a treat! We stayed there a month and then went back to Salt Lake and had our pictures made and worked one week in the Temple. Oh how we enjoyed that! Then on the way home we spent one night in Los Angeles, California, and one day at Ventura or Venice, I'm not sure which one. We visited a large boat out at sea and took a little gasoline boat out to it. We spent the rest of the day on the beach gathering seashells and playing in the sand and planning what we were going to do. I am so thankful for those memories.

That night we left for Marathon, Texas, to visit his folks. We spent three weeks with them and they weren't very happy at his joining the Mormons and marrying a Mormon girl but they treated us swell. It was something else new to be around non-Mormons. As I said we arrived home in Mexico on 24 December. I have always been grateful for that thrilling and exciting honeymoon and we both agreed it was well worth waiting for.

Burrell was tall, dark, and handsome. He was 6 ft. 3 inches in his stocking feet and I was 5 ft. 1. No wonder they called us the long and the short. We were and strange but true we didn't care. He weighed 175 lbs. and I weighed 95 lbs. He could almost hold both my hands in his one and my shoes fit very nicely inside of his shoes. From the time we were married he called me Dolly and usually when I went to get out of the wagon he'd just pick me up off the spring seat and carry me in the house. I really enjoyed it all, too. Perhaps most of this I have in my history, I don't

remember. My hair hung below my waist and was thick; he loved to sit and comb my hair and I loved to have him do it. I also loved to comb his hair as it was coal black and so thick I could hardly get a comb through it. He loved to hear me sing; poor guy couldn't carry a tune though. He asked me if I thought he'd be able to sing in the spirit world but of course I didn't know as I didn't understand the gospel then as I do now. I should have told him I'm afraid not; but I do hope he still will love to hear me sing.

After we returned from our honeymoon we soon decided to start buying us a home. It was just about 2 1/2 blocks from mother's home, and I was so glad, for Burrell's work took him away from home so much. I would go with him when I could but that wasn't very often. Oh how I enjoyed going with him! Sitting on the spring seat beside him. Yes, we went in a covered wagon. He drove 2 spans of donkeys but believe me they always got us there, and oh, those good eggs and bacon and fried potatoes tasted so good cooked over the campfire.

The men always did the cooking and they all treated me as if I was a baby and I guess I was. The next summer on the 26 of July 1908 the old stork left us a beautiful baby boy. We named him Charles Burrell Kendrick Jr. after his daddy. But he wasn't to stay with us long for on the 16th of March 1909 his little spirit was called back to our Heavenly Father. The first tragedy of my life and at the time I felt it was the worst tragedy, but I didn't wait very many years until I knew that it wasn't. By this time Burrell was off down in Van Horn, Texas drilling. The baby's illness, death, and our heartaches are all in my history. Burrell wasn't able to get home, so he sent for me.

Please keep in mind that transportation wasn't like it is today, no certainty in getting telegrams.

Why he got the telegram of his death before the one telling of his being ill was never found out for certain. I soon went to him and stayed until June then went back to Colonial Diaz and stayed with mother, as I was pregnant and real sick. I stayed until September. Burrell came home for New Years of 1910 and then on the January 22, 1910, the day I was 22 years old, another little boy came to stay with us and we named him Elmer Kenyon Kendrick after his grandfathers.

Burrell left to go back to his work when Kenyon was three weeks old. I never saw him again until May when I took baby and went to Marathon to stay with his folks. I hadn't been there but a few days when he wrote that they had lost all their tools in the well and try as hard as they could they were unable to recover them. He and his brother Andrew and cousin Erastus owned the outfit.

So he said he was through working for himself and he was coming to the ranch, broke.

Words cannot say how thrilled we were to be together again. He worked for his dad until the last of August and got enough money to get us back home. He soon got a good job working for a large drilling company. It was an American company and he was close enough that he could come home almost every weekend. It seemed like heaven to us to be that close.

On the 12th of December 1911 a sweet little dark haired girl came to bless our home. She was the image of her daddy and was I happy she was. We named her Loie. Neither of us were happy being separated so much as it worried both of us, but it seemed there was nothing we could do about it. Burrell was a professional well driller and had never done anything else. He made good money but it takes more than money to make people happy. Many interesting things had happened to us since baby Burrell had passed away but it is all in my detailed history and I see no need to repeat it.

In the spring of 1912 the Mexican trouble that had begun the year before was beginning to look serious so the American Company he was working for was moving out. They offered him a good job if he would go with them but he felt we shouldn't leave our little home as we had just finished paying for it and we thought as the rest did that the trouble wouldn't last long. So when they left he rode up to Pearson, a little company town about 20 miles from Colonial Juarez, as he heard they were hiring men. He got a job as a plumber. Pearson was 75 miles from Diaz where we lived so we decided to lock up our little home until we found out if he liked the job. The Mexican trouble was really getting bad and just a few days before we were to leave there was a robbery by the natives in our little town and some of the men were involved. Burrell was one of them. They

did nothing wrong but the Mexicans arrested them and they were sent to the Casa Grande jail. It was real exciting. Read about it in my history.

Well, the outcome was after they had spent 10 days in jail the president of the stake got them all out of bonds. Burrell went up to Pearson to get his job and it was only about 20-30 miles from Casas Grande. Burrell wrote father to move the babies and me up as they had company homes for us to live in. We had been there only a few months when all Americans were forced to leave.

Talk about trouble. I won't rewrite it as it takes pages to tell it. We left the 28th of July 1912.

The men were asked to stay and guard the property. How our hearts ached, but we had to go and leave our husbands there not knowing if we would see them again. We could just take our clothes and some bedding.

I didn't see Burrell again until the first of September. I was in El Paso 10 days before I knew whether my folks in Colonial Diaz got out alive or not. They were in Hachita, New Mexico so I took my babies and went to them. I didn't stay long as Burrell's folks sent for me to come and stay with them so I went to them. They were still on the ranch about 15 miles from Marathon, Texas. I stayed with them until Burrell came. Needless to say how happy we were to be together again. I'll never forget the look on his face as he took me in his arms and said, "Dolly, I'll never leave you again. I've had enough. How merciful our Father in Heaven is to not let us know what's ahead of us.

The authorities of the Church could see it would be a long time if ever before we could go back to our homes, so they made arrangements with the railroad company for free transportation for all refugees to go to any of their relatives or where work was available. My parents, my sister Nita, brother Lorin, Verna and her husband, Shirl Black, my brother Elmer, wife and family also, Lulu and her family had all been driving out and had left their homes also. Our sister, Heva and family were still living in Idaho and had taken up some dry farms east of Ammon just out of Idaho Falls. More farms were available so they wrote and wanted all of us who would like to come to come file on some land close to theirs. Father wrote us they were going and invited us to come also.

Burrell's father had made him a good proposition on the ranch and was quite hurt when we told him we were going to Idaho. None of his folks belonged to the Church except Andrew and he had just married a nonmember, but he was going with us. We arrived in Idaho Falls 4 October 1912 and it was cold. It surely was for us southern birds anyway. Immediately father and Chris, my brother-in-law, took them to Blackfoot to file on their farms. Next thing was to get work so we could live, for money was scarce for all of us. There was plenty of farm work such as picking up potatoes and beet harvesting, but it was decided it didn't pay much so they worked for a few days but felt they must do something better than that.

They were used to big wages and when they were told that at Ruth, Nevada they were hiring well driller for drilling for oil, they wrote and got themselves a job. They moved S.E. and me into a one room house just a short distance from Heva's place. She had a large family and the folks were with them. After seeing that we had food and plenty of kindling and sagebrush to burn they prepared to go. They were to send for us as soon as they could get a house for us. The last of October or first of November they left us. S.E. was staying to help me down as I had two little tots and was expecting again in January.

Well it's a sad story, but it is also in my history. S.E. peculiar dream and all the other details. Will say that on the 8th of November, having been gone just one week, Burrell was on his way home from work, about 5:30 AM, he jumped onto the side of a work train to ride into Ruth (so the brakeman told Andrew). Somehow he was brushed off of it and accidentally killed. No one saw it so no one knows for sure just how it happened. He was buried before we ever got the word that he was killed. The details are also in my history.

He was gone and I was alone, no insurance, no home, my folks all homeless, 2 little kiddies and another one coming. I hope God will forgive me for feeling as I did. All our plans. Everything

gone. I did have my folks, a testimony of the gospel, a few clothes, a little bedding and \$2.00. It will soon be 53 years since he left me and in memory I can still hear the last words he said to me as my father drove them off in a little buckboard to take them to Idaho Falls to catch the train.

Burrell waved to me and threw me a kiss and said, "Goodbye, Dolly. I'll send for you just as soon as I can get a house." I hope when I'm called home my house will be ready and that he will be waiting for me.

Burrell was a likable guy, old and young liked him. Yes, he had his faults as we all do, but to me they were few. He was very fond of babies, and he always had someone's baby in his arms before we were married. We girls got quite a laugh out of it. He had a wonderful mind. Before we were married he went to Juarez Academy for a half year. My brother-in-law Erastus Fillerup, was a professor there and he often said it was a crime for anyone with a mind like Burrell's to be a well driller. He said he should have been a mathematician. He had a remarkable memory and could have really made a mark in this world if he had had a chance. Today a young man has the opportunity to make of himself what he wants to be, but it wasn't that way 60 years ago.

I remember once, it was after we were married, that the adult class in Sunday School gave the class an assignment for the following Sunday, to memorize the names of all the books of the Old and New Testaments. He was gone all week at his work but to my surprise and everyone's surprise he was the only one in the ward that knew them. He named them off as easy as one could say the A B C's. I was really ashamed of myself as were many others but must say I was really proud of him.

He had a very kind disposition and very congenial, however father used to say that he wouldn't want Burrell to really get angry with him. He was very religiously inclined, never had smoked, drank nor used profanity. I never heard him tell an obscene joke. He was really converted to tithe paying and was honest and wanted others to be honest with him. Mother said many times that she never knew anyone that held the garment as sacred as he did. When he would send or bring his soiled clothes home from the drill camps to be washed, I would always find his garments packed in an empty honey bucket with the lid on.

I have written this history at the request of my daughter Ellafair; she's his baby girl, although he had never seen her. Someday, sometime he will and I know he'll love her and she'll love him. To you his children and children's children let me say you will be proud of him when you meet him. It is up to all of us to live so he'll be proud of us. I still love him and you will, too. I hope he'll still love me, and all of you. God bless us all and help us to live the gospel so when we are called home and no one knows how soon or how long, we will be worthy to be with our loved ones and enjoy their association throughout all eternity.

I'm grateful for my testimony, grateful for all of you and I love you all, large and small, very dearly.

I hope this history will not be boring to those who have read this one and mine. I started mine over 25 years ago, so there is bound to be a lot of repetition. But I have done the best I could, not knowing Burrell's earlier life.

Written March 1958 by your mother and grandmother, Abby J. Kendrick R. Gooch